Take Me To Church

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Take Me To Church

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Hannibal and Will get married by an open-minded priest in a small chapel in their current place of living.

Notes

And another wedding fic! I know I have written a variation already but I can’t get enough :) :)

This fic was mostly inspired by Mads' newest photoshoot in The Rake Magazine.

https://www.instagram.com/p/CP2n2UmLmpM/?utm_medium=copy_link

https://twitter.com/xmh_4lx/status/1402338711849693184?s=21

Hugh’s look (nothing new):
https://www.thefashionisto.com/photo-shoot/hugh-dancy-2015-essential-homme/

Music:
Hozier - Take Me To Church

Will's heart skipped a beat when he walked closer towards his lover waiting for him in his loose-fitting yet stylish light cream-coloured cotton linen suit in front of the chapel surrounded by pastel pink wisteria.The sight robbed him of proper words of praise. He opened his mouth to say something but quickly shut it again, unable to formulate a decent sentence. "Hello mylimasis,"Hannibal spoke, smiling."It is so good to see you again. I've missed you dearly in the last twenty-four hours." He let his eyes roam over Will's dark blue suit. "You look splendid, darling."

The heat of the sun, the dominant sweet smell of the flowers and the joy of seeing his husband-to-be after an entire day again, because of Hannibal's superstition and stubbornness, overwhelmed Will. All the "What if Hannibal had been abducted after all and it was a trap " thoughts crumbled into dust. Hannibal tugged his equally fancy Gucci sunglasses into his breast pocket.

Will stood close to Hannibal, getting drunk on his scent for a moment. "Haaanibal," Will simply said, drawing out the first syllables. He leaned closer for a kiss but Hannibal avoided him, smirking mischievously. "Not yet, beloved, not yet. This is a holy ceremony." Will rolled his eyes and scoffed.

"You're such a tease,"Will grumbled. Hannibal's beam widened. His finger stroked Will's clean-shaven cheek for a moment, lingering at the scar he had won in the battle against Dolarhyde. Hannibal's nostrils flared as he smelled the aftershave. He wrinkled his nose after recognising the same old aftershave on his lover."How disappointing.Did you choose this abhorrent brand Old Spice again? After I bought you expensive and far better ones to choose from?"

"Tell me, Will, who is being a mean tease now?" Hannibal countered smoothly. Will let out a chuckle and furrowed his eyebrows."The same old atrocious aftershave you wore in court," Will mocked him quietly. Hannibal sighed, though appearing slightly amused."Wasn't that what you said when I came to visit you l? You *do* like it. Just admit it."

Hannibal's lips twitched. He gave no final answer,.Will considered the subtle twitch as an admission. Hannibal held out his arm and nodded towards the entrance. "Shall we?" He asked, grinning."Chiyoh and the priest are already waiting." Will slid his left arm around Hannibal's.

They entered the little, charming chapel with the minimalistic, rustic and dusty interior through the door. Their heads brushed the blossoms of the wisteria hanging down from the wall above.

The chapel was different from the splendour in Florence but Will was fine as long as Jack wouldn't find them.There was a little altar at the front and a cross on the wall behind the altar. On the left and right of the room two rows offered space for a very limited amount of people. In this moment, only Chiyoh was there, turned towards them with a Canon EOS 250 D to take pictures.

All in all, nothing lavish, nothing spectacular. It was small and cozy. But what made it special were the Sweet William flowers gracing the windows and the Bouquets resting on the small wooden racks. “Oh,” Will groaned, his jaw dropping, as his eyes wandered over them.

His cheeks burned as he recognised the type of flowers and the message associated with them. He came to a halt in front of the short, plump and young priest with the middle-long black hair and round glasses, paying him no immediate attention.His sea-blue green eyes were ever fixed on Hannibal.“I take it that you appreciate the message?” Hannibal asked gently and with a playful smirk.

“Hannibal..you really didn’t have to,” Will stammered. Behind them, Chiyoh cleared her throat, mollified at being ignored, making Will jerk. She clutched the heavy camera in her hands, ever ready to take beautiful pictures. He immediately shifted his gaze towards the young priest who granted them an amiable smile. ”Sorry for keeping you waiting,” Will said hastily, blushing further. “It’s okay,” the priest replied, grinning.

His olive-green eyes shone with understanding, compassion and fondness.Hannibal and Will had been beyond joyous when they found out that this new priest of their village, Piedro, was open-minded and in favour of same-sex marriage.That’s why they had chosen not to do anything to him afterwards despite him knowing their identity. He was as peaceful, gentle and polite as priests should be. And he had promised not to tell anyone. Hannibal had also paid him nicely.

“After all, it is your wedding and a special day. You have all the time in the world,” Piedro continued patiently. “And we appreciate that,” Will answered gently. The priest looked from one to another. “Now, can we begin?”

Will didn’t react at first. He was too far in his head. Fuck, Will thought. This was it. He was going to be married to Hannibal Lecter. A psychiatrist, a cannibalistic serial killer, friend and foe, but now his soulmate and partner for life. Will shouldn’t be nervous, but the thousands of hummingbirds in his stomach said otherwise.

Hannibal squeezed his hand to calm him. Will took a moment to steady himself. He drowned himself in the maroon eyes with flecks of amber before feeling ready for the ceremony. He inhaled and exhaled deeply. “I am ready,” Will breathed. “Good,” the young priest replied. “Dear Will, Hannibal and guests-," Piedro nodded at Chiyoh. "Welcome. We have come together to celebrate…"

Piedro cleared his throat and began his elaborate speech. Hannibal focussed on the speech as he enjoyed the metaphors and the imagery, but Will couldn’t hold his attention for long. He just kept staring at Hannibal and thinking about everything that had led to their marriage.

Never ever had he expected this to happen. If a time traveler had shown up at his house in Wolf Trap Virginia, just in the timeline of their first encounters, he would have laughed at this idea. It still felt surreal. But it was real. It was a love crime.

Will was so lost in his mind palace that he nearly missed the part with the rings. It took a gentle nudge of Hannibal to ground himself. “Right,” Will said hoarsely, rubbing his neck in

embarrassment. Behind them, Chiyoh scoffed quietly. Hannibal withdrew the velvet box with the rings from his pocket.

The moment was so full of tension that Will held his breath longer than intended, causing him nearly to hyperventilate. “Will, do you take Hannibal as your husband? In good and bad times? In sickness and health? Until…” Yes,” Will shot at the priest, but kept staring at Hannibal. Hannibal slid on the golden band over Will’s finger.

The moment had come He looked at his hand and admired the ring with the black stag gem for a second. Now he belonged to Hannibal, and Hannibal would belong to Will. “And do you, Hannibal, take Will as your husband?”

“Yes,” Hannibal answered, his voice rough and full of emotion. “Until death do us part.” Even beyond that, Will thought. Death wouldn’t be able to separate them. Their souls were entwined, nothing could separate them anymore. Everything had blurred.

Click. *Click*.

Chiyoh kept on taking pictures with her professional camera as they performed the ritual.

Hannibal held out his hand to Will. It was slightly shaking, baring Hannibal’s turmoil as well. He removed the matching ring but his hands were so sweaty that he nearly dropped it to the floor. He fidgeted a little, then pulled the band over Hannibal’s ring finger with gentleness.

This was it.They were now legally married, bound to each other by a divine contract. Forever and always.

“You may kiss now,” the priest concluded the ceremony, bestowing them with a very fond smile. Will immediately grabbed Hannibal by the lapel of his jacket, pulled him forward and pressed his lips against Hannibal’s, losing himself in the passion of the moment. It grew fiercer and fiercer with them sliding their hands down their backs to grope their assets. Chiyoh and the priest had to look out of the window to avoid further embarrassment.

Hannibal pulled away first, panting and gasping for air, but satisfied. He grinned at Will in a goofy way, baring his fangs. Before Will could anticipate what happened next, Hannibal lifted him off his feet and carried him bridal style out of the church. Chiyoh followed them swiftly to take further snapshots of the couple.A new chapter in the life of the Murder Husbands had begun.

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